



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

DC

214

.L48

A 1,002,273

APOPHTHEGMS

NAPOLEON;

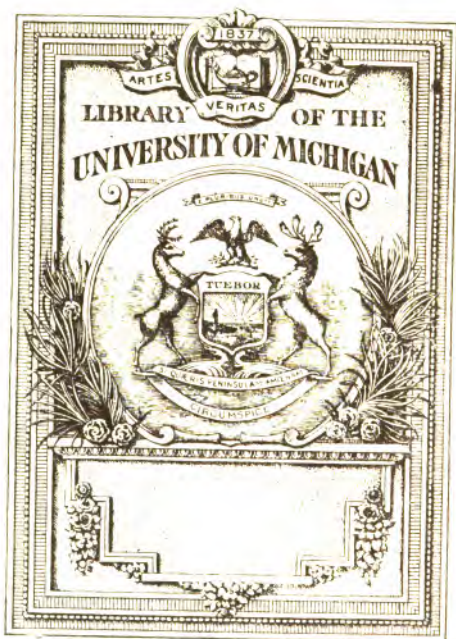
BEING A LECTURE DELIVERED AT THE THEATRE OF THE
PHILOSOPHICAL INSTITUTION, BRISTOL,
FEBRUARY 20, 1854.

BY JOSEPH LEECH.

"Ἐν περὶ πόλεως"—Hom. II. l. v. 201.

LONDON:—HAMILTON, ADAMS, & CO.,
BRISTOL:—JOHN RIDLER.

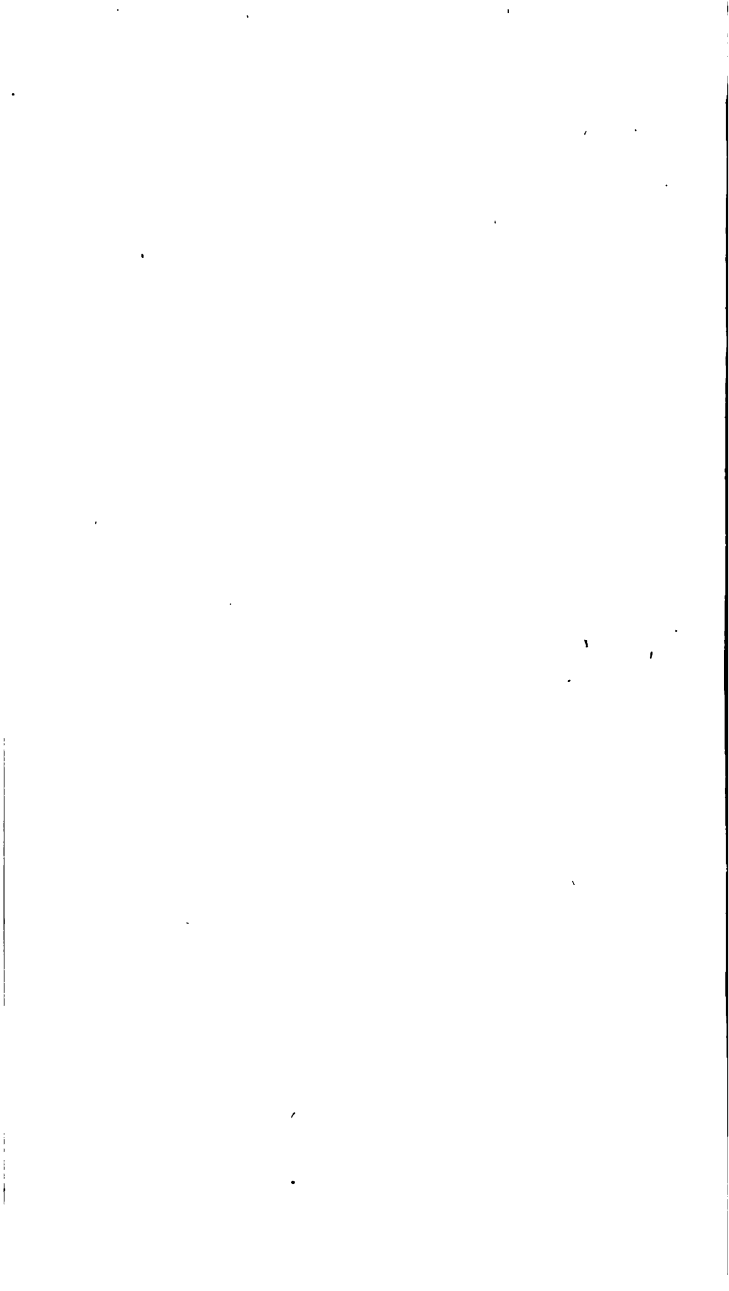
1854.



DC

214

. L48



THE
APOPHTHEGMS

OF

393-95-

NAPOLÉON;

BEING A LECTURE, DELIVERED AT THE THEATRE OF THE
PHILOSOPHICAL INSTITUTION, BRISTOL,
FEBRUARY 20, 1854,

BY JOSEPH LEECH.

“Ἐπεὶ πτερόεντα.”—Hom. Il. 1. v. 201.

LONDON:—HAMILTON, ADAMS, & CO.
BRISTOL:—JOHN RIDLER.

1854.



TO THE LECTURE COMMITTEE

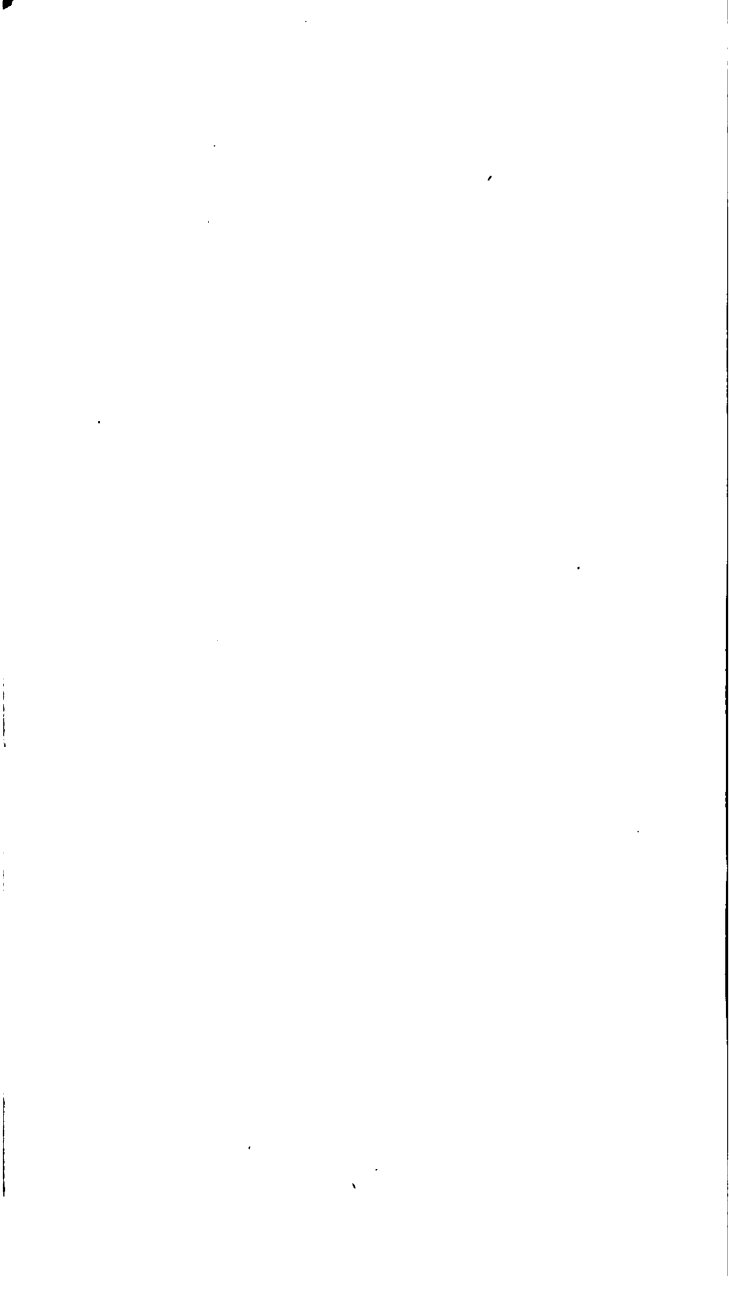
OF THE

BRISTOL PHILOSOPHICAL INSTITUTE,

(AT WHOSE REQUEST IT WAS DELIVERED),

THE FOLLOWING IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

Ms. C. D. F. 4-26-34

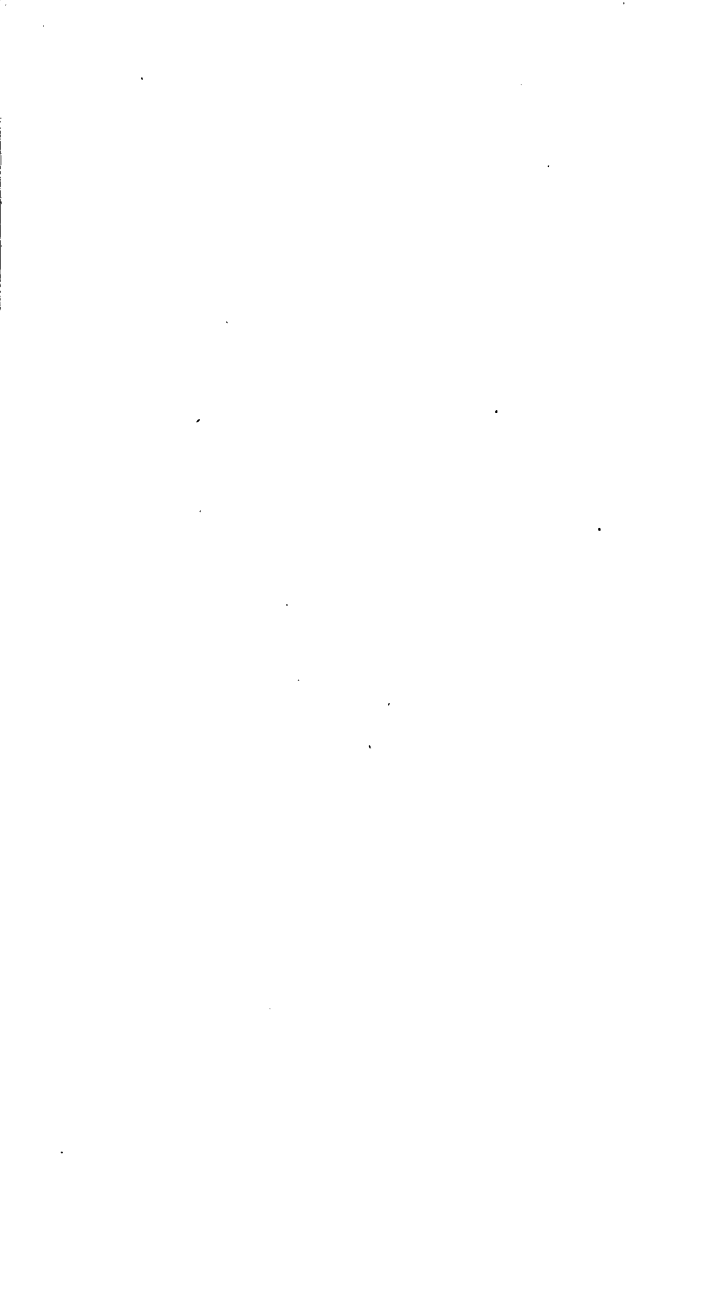


THIS Lecture, though delivered, is not printed, by request. But the writer having taken some little trouble in compiling it, ventures to publish the trifle, chiefly because the means of committing it to the press at little cost to himself are at his command. There has been rather a long interval between its delivery and publication, owing to its having been put aside from time to time for more urgent engagements. This delay, however, has enabled him to increase the number of his examples; and for some of those added since the Lecture was originally spoken, he is indebted to the kindness of M. H. V. de Candole, of this City, whose opportunities and reading enabled him to supply those not within reach of the writer.

It will be seen that in some few instances the French of the phrases has been retained; but this is only the case where the writer could not satisfy himself that translation conveyed their full force.

BRISTOL,

August 12, 1854.



Apophthegms of Napoleon.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

Perhaps I owe an apology for occupying an evening which might be devoted to a lecture of much more practical utility and sound instruction, with a topic which is one merely of literary recreation; which does not aspire to point a moral or establish a principle, and claims no merit beyond that which it may be entitled to, as a collection, and patient putting together of, the striking, aphoristic or bold fragments, that fell or flashed in colloquy, council-board, or battle-field, from the greatest genius that ever lived.

I am not aware that any attempt has been made to gather together the Apophthegms of the First Napoleon, or you should not have been troubled with my poor effort this evening. Possibly such a task has been already accomplished, but I have never met with, or heard of any work in which it has been done. Histories and memorials of him by hundreds exist; but as I said, I know of no collection of those short nervous sayings of his, many of which evince the sublimity of poetry or the point of epigram—at times as profound as though they fell from the lips of Plato, or as tersely sententious as though Cato were the speaker—supplying a key to a

whole character in a sentence—flashing a marvellous light on an abstruse point or a complicated question by a solitary phrase, or removing a difficulty with a brief dictum.

I have not the presumption to call your attention to the great outlines of him who though styled “the Little Corporal,” was an intellectual giant: another eye must scan its colossal proportions; be it my business this evening merely to direct your attention to the marvellous workmanship of a part of the statue nearest to view. Many of you possibly have had an opportunity of visiting the column of the Place Vendôme, in Paris, constructed from the spoils of those victories which it is designed to commemorate. A series of bold reliefs, scrolled from the base to the capital, and fashioned from the cannon of the enemy, illustrate the triumphal fields of Rivoli and Marengo, Jena and Wagram, Austerlitz and Friedland; while the summit is crowned by the well-known form of the Chief of all these great combats, who, with folded arms, like a solitary and awful stylite, or the pillar hermit, looks from his lofty station towards that palace and those gardens once the abode and witnesses of his glory. Others have undertaken, and others will still undertake, the high task of describing the brilliant series of achievements delineated upon that proud column, and upon which the greatness of Napoleon, like his statue, rests; but be mine the less ambitious and more suitable task to loiter with the old veteran of the Empire, who below keeps the entrance of this proud column; and as he sells his garlands and

lithographs of him under whom he fought, recounts and recites to the visitor the memorable sayings and camp gossip of his great hero. He will repeat to you off-hand and from recollection many of the Apophthegms which I have attempted to search out for you this evening. Like the old column-keeper in the Place Vendôme, I too shall expect some gratuity at your hands ; and let, I beseech you, that gratuity take the shape of your patient indulgence for the imperfections of a lecture, which other avocations pressing weekly and imperatively on me have left but scant leisure to compile.

It first accidentally occurred to me whilst conversing with a friend to make a selection of the phrases of Napoleon, merely for my own pleasure, thinking that I might find ample room for them on a sheet or two of paper ; but when I came, for the purposes of this lecture, to gather the sentences together, as I find them scattered over his numerous memoirs, his proclamations, and the accounts of his campaigns, I found the collection much larger than could be included in the time ordinarily allotted to lectures of this kind ; I therefore retained only those which appeared to me the most characteristic ; though I am quite willing to believe in performing this task, I may possibly have omitted or overlooked some that possessed more force, originality, or fire than any I have cited.

From his St. Helena conversations I make few or no extracts ; for though the voluminous accounts furnished by the companions of his exile, and the host of notes published by those who were favoured with an audience

or intruded themselves upon the presence of the fallen hero, supply many passages marked by the originality, profound sagacity, and muscular strength that ever distinguished all he said: still his St. Helena remains are rather elaborate conversations than apophthegms—retrospective reviews by himself of that marvellous life of strife and action, command and empire, in the collisions, councils and stormy passages of which were elicited from him those sudden, brief, picturesque, and almost magical expressions—thoughts, indeed, that breathed, and words that burned—snatches of inspiration that in the emergent moment shot like electricity through the hearers, worked like a spell on the rudest natures, or astonished the more thoughtful by the suddenness with which, like a touch of lightning, they solved and smote open in an instant, questions upon which politicians and reasoners had been vainly trying their talents for hours. Interesting as the spectacle of Napoleon seated by the summer-house of Briars, or under the porch of Longwood, dictating the commentaries of his wars, or vindicating or philosophising upon the acts of his rule, may be; for the purposes of my lecture I must follow him in his stirring career, and pick up those glittering fragments, scintillations that, like sparks from fire and steel, were struck in the tumult of the battle field, or broke from him without premeditation in these ever-changing but always remarkable circumstances and conjectures, through which his wonderful course lay. The forced repose of the chained eagle on his island rock was interesting enough; but

his apophthegms are like feathers falling from the pinions of this same eagle, when they were outspread in that soaring flight, which bore it from the towers of Notre Dame—from steeple to steeple of the capitals of Europe, to the battlements of the Kremlin and the summits of the Pyramids. Unheeded by himself was the fall of those feathers in that stormy flight; but as we follow him from city to city and battle field to battle-field, to pick up, to him, those “unconsidered trifles,” our pains will be amply rewarded by finding what a body of sublimity and wisdom, though in laconic fragments, we have in the end got together; and I would, therefore, almost prefer leaving to you the task and satisfaction of searching them out, than performing that office for you.

Coleridge said—speaking at a time when he of whom he spoke was living, and the public mind was exasperated against the author of it—that “Napoleon was always contemptible save when acting a part, and that part not his own.” To canvass this extreme opinion (as it is no portion of my task to treat of the character of Napoleon) is not the cause of my citing it; but if it were said (which I fancy it was) during his exile in St. Helena, we cannot deny there were some grounds for the imputation of acting. The retirement of great performers on this world’s stage, whether that retirement be forced or voluntary, will not bear too close and rigid a scrutiny. The cloistered life of Charles V. at St. Yuste was an existence of gout and gluttony; and the irritable and egotistical failings—the selfishness, if you please—of

Napoleon's nature being more worked upon by circumstances and nearer seen at St. Helena, naturally contributed at the time to break, in the eyes of many, the awful charm that previously invested his name.* Indeed, he seems to have felt it himself, as anticipating the probable effects upon the public mind, he endeavoured to avert it by an interpretation of his own, when he said to Las Cases, "Misfortunes are not without their heroism and their glory: adversity was wanting to my career. Had I died on the throne, enveloped in the dense atmosphere of my power, I should to many have remained a problem; but now misfortune will enable all to judge of me without disguise." And on the whole, I think the romance and wonder of his life are, at this distance of time, little impaired by the trying ordeal of his imprisonment; for if we cage up the lion, and tease him by petty annoyances, we must not complain, if, when chafing behind the bars, he exhibits a less majestic spectacle than when at large and at liberty in his native jungle. Nowhere, indeed, did Napoleon appear to play a part so much at St. Helena when, probably not unconscious of the danger of his historic proportions being dwarfed by a nearer and more domestic view, he occasionally attitudinized not a little; while

* Amongst the many distressing instances of the enervating effect of exile upon his mind, was the puling complaint which he uttered on hearing that some fish which he had in a pond in the garden of Longwood, had died. "Everything I love," he complained, like a fretful child that had lost its toys, "everything that belongs to me is stricken; Heaven and mankind unite to afflict me." Heaven and mankind united to take away the great Napoleon's playthings!

the majority of his conversations were evidently—if I may be pardoned a professional allusion—*spoken to the reporters*. In the solitude, in that speck of an island, he was perfectly conscious that the eyes of the civilized world were directed to him—to the human phenomenon which it held—that every word he spoke was reiterated through Europe, or treasured up for after publication; and this consciousness, this impression, is traceable in most of his conversations. Speaking to his group of attendants or English visitor, you see that though his words be spoken on a remote rock, they are addressed to France, to England, to Europe, to which his eye is directed. He must have been almost more than mortal could he dismiss from himself the consciousness, the knowledge that he was watched, and his every word and look chronicled by the curious, for his contemporaries and the future. He could not sit in his porch without perceiving that he was scanned from the distance—he could not take a walk within his little demesne, without being aware that eyes peered on the great Napoleon from behind the foliage of the gum-trees and the myrtles in front of which he passed. It is hardly a wonder, therefore, that he should act, and he *did* act—for there was scarcely a speech he made during his exile that was without design; unless, perhaps, that last, when in the delirium of fever his imagination no longer cabined and confined within that narrow rock, he recurred to the splendid and stirring period of his past career, and the diseased brain conjured up the glittering phantasmagoria of a foughten field, while amid a strife and

tumult symbolised by the elemental storm that had just raged without and around the dwelling in which he was then dying, his eye pierced once more through "battle, cloud, and smoke," and seeing some critical passage of the combat, in the emergent moment the words "*Tête d'armée*" broke from lips that instantly afterwards closed in death.

Indeed, it was only a day or two before, and while lying on that very pallet, he delivered a speech to those who waited and listened round him, which was palpably made for a dramatic purpose. "I shall rejoin my brave companions in the Elysian fields," said he. "Yes, Kleber, Dessaix, Bessière, Duroc, Ney, Murat, Massena, Berthier, will come to greet me, and to talk to me of what we have done together. I shall recount to them the latest events of my life. On seeing me they will rekindle with enthusiasm and glory, and we will discourse of our wars with the Scipios, the Hannibals, with Cæsar, and with Frederick. There will be pleasure in that, unless," he added, smiling, "they should be alarmed below to see so many warriors assembled together,"—a speech which, however manifestly theatrical it might have been, still discovers in a high degree that richly picturesque and vivid imagination which marked the great majority of Napoleon's speeches; and induced Alison to observe, that "if he had not been the first of warriors he must have been the greatest of Epic Poets." And this fervour of fancy struck others so forcibly, that while he was yet a comparatively obscure student, Domairon, Professor of *belles lettres* at

the Military College at Paris, astonished at the singularity of his amplifications, said of them, "they were flaming granites poured from a volcano."

To all present the early prediction and short but striking judgment pronounced by General Paoli, after an interview with his then unknown countryman at Corsica, is familiar. "He is one of Plutarch's men," said the General, "cast in the mould of the antique." There is no question that the "Lives," as well as the Literature of Ancient Greece and Rome, helped to form his character, as to infuse their spirit into his most striking sayings. It was to the ancients he looked for his models, and it was with their great men he sought to measure himself. The Alexanders and the Scipios, the Hannibals and the Cæsars were those with whom he habitually instituted comparisons; and with the exception of the Prussian Frederick, no warrior of modern times appears to have attracted his attention. No wonder, then, that old Paoli should have been struck with the likeness to Plutarch's men in one who so ardently admired them, or that the outline of the antique should be traceable in him, whose predilections for the classical period were so early formed by the contemplation and study of it.

HIS CLASSICAL APOPHTHEGMS.

And indeed no man ever equalled Napoleon for the point, force, and direct appositeness of his classical allusions. He seems to have thought, if I may so speak, in that idiom. They fell from him unpremeditatedly; he employed them often as the readiest and shortest

illustration of his meaning, which they never failed to make more clear and catching: they sketched a character at a stroke, as when he pronounced his contemporary Alexander "a true Greek of the Lower Empire,"* and they found their way almost involuntarily into his proclamations, as when after the battle of Ratisbon he told his troops "they had gloriously marked the distinction which existed between the soldiers of Cæsar and the armies of Xerxes." He did no stop to ask himself if those allusions were intelligible to his veterans: he saw they had their effect in the enthusiasm which they awoke—another triumphant proof of his marvellous knowledge of human nature, when once having adopted in public the costume of the National Institute, he shrewdly observed, "there was not a drummer in the army that would not hold him higher in esteem, for believing him to be something more than a mere soldier." And he must have believed them more than mere military machines, when with the view of exciting their ardour he told them in his Egyptian campaign, that "the first city they approached was built by Alexander," or when subsequently he wished to insure their politic respect for the system of the Prophet, he reminded them that "all religions were protected by the legions of Ancient Rome." Again, in his address to the troops at Toulon, previous to the contemplated descent upon England, he said, "Rome combatted Carthage by sea

* Napoleon used also to say of the Emperor Alexander:—"He is kind; he is amiable; but, with a little friction, the Cossack appears." *"On lui trouve de la bonté, de l'amabilité; mais, en frottant un peu, cela sent le Cosaque."*

as well as by land, and England is the Carthage of France." After the first invasion of Italy he exclaimed, "Hannibal forced the Alps; we have turned them." On the capitulation of Vienna, addressing these same rude soldiers, he said of their enemies, "that flying from that city their adieux to its inhabitants had been murder and conflagration: like Medea, they had strangled their children with their own hands." And in haranguing the Guard in the Place Carrousel, at Paris, before they set out to fight Wellington in Spain, he said, "Soldiers! you have surpassed the renown of modern armies, but have you equalled the glory of the Romans, who in one and the same campaign were triumphant on the Rhine and the Euphrates, in Syria and on the Tagus." He told them on his return from Elba, in allusion to the ancient military mode of election, that he was "raised on their shields to the Imperial Purple."*

He never for one moment feared that they could understand him, for after the battle of Valentina, when distributing the decorations of the Legion of Honour, he asked the Captains of the 7th Light Infantry "who was their best officer?" "They are all good, Sire," was the reply. "That is no answer," said the Emperor, "come at least to the conclusion of Themistocles, 'I am the first, and my neighbour the second.'" But,

* A French Review, speaking of the style of some of Napoleon's military orations, says—"He found in speaking to his soldiers antique words: he harangued them as a Roman; as a contemporary of the Scipios."

perhaps, his happiest classical hit was when in one of the Austrian campaigns he comprehended with his magical glance the fatal stratagetical error of his foes, exclaiming with a foresight fulfilled to the letter in the surrender of a vast force. "The plan of Mack's campaign is settled—the Caudine forks are at Ulm;" alluding to the catastrophe which befel the Roman army under Calvinus and Posthumius near Caudi, where, as related by Livy, they were compelled by the Samnites to pass under the yoke, and hence called the "*Caudinæ furculæ*."

It was so much a habit of his to think and speak in this manner, that when suddenly awoke on the night of the 17th to behold Moscow in flames, he exclaimed, "these people are genuine Scythians—not even the fictions of burning Troy, though heightened by the powers of poetry, could equal this." When the Allies were advancing upon France, he rebuked the factious Deputies of Paris, and told them "not to imitate the example of the Lower Empire, which rendered itself the scoff of posterity, by engaging in abstract discussions at the moment when the battering-ram was at the gates of the city;" and with a classical reference equally apposite he thus vindicated his act in overthrowing the Government on the 18th Brumaire. "The authors and instruments of that memorable change instead of denials and justifications, have a right to answer their accusers proudly, like the Roman hero—'We protest that we have saved our country; come with us and return thanks to the Gods.'" His letter on board the

Bellerophon to the Prince Regent, might be said to consist of but one sentence, when he urged his petition in a single passage of ancient Greek History. "Royal Highness," he wrote, "exposed to the factions which divide my country and the hostilities of the greatest powers of Europe, I have terminated my political career, and come, like Themistocles, to seat myself at the hearths of the British people."

The foregoing I have cited as examples of the force and felicity of what I may call his classical apophthegms. There was no affectation at least in his love of the sublime and the beautiful in poetry or prose, and his intellectual tastes were as fine as his ambition was unbounded. Bourrienne tells us that as "great a man as he was he feared little books;" and if so, it was probably because he could best appreciate the force and power of mind, and see far-off effects to which the mere soldier must be blind. He admitted this himself in other words, when during the passage of the Niemen (to use Napier's language), "twelve thousand Cuirassiers, whose burnished armour flashed in the sun, while their cries of salutation pealed in unison with the horses' feet, were passing like a foaming torrent towards the river, Napoleon then turned to the republican Gouvion St. Cyr, and said, 'No monarch ever had such an army.' 'No; Sire.' 'But that army, mighty as it is, could not resist the songs of Paris. We must then have no liberty of the press, St. Cyr.'" It was a maxim of his, that "in war the moral was to the physical force as three parts to one;"

and the calculation lost none of its value in his eyes, when employed to estimate the mental influences in other matters of the world. He was, in short, a student and a reader before he was a soldier and an actor. He tells us that when he was himself a Lieutenant and in garrison three years at Valence, he lodged with a bookseller, who obligingly left him free access to his library. "Living very retired," he said, "I read through all the books it contained more than once, and have forgotten little of their contents, whether relating to military or other affairs." He studied Geography with ardour; and it is somewhat remarkable that in an early compilation of his, he noticed St. Helena merely with these words—"A Small Island." Even his great work of Juridical legislation, and of which he was so justly proud that he said in an exultant moment, "I shall go down to posterity with the code in my hand," was not altogether the work of a great intuitive genius, since he tells us that when a sous-lieutenant and serving in the army of Switzerland, he was confined for a few days in an old chateau under suspicion of disaffection, when he accidentally discovered in a neglected cupboard, an old copy of the "Institutes of Justinian," which, possibly, was the secret of his legal science.*

* Nor were his productions confined to the practically useful alone. Certain books of imagination also issued from his pen. He wrote a little upon Women, Love, and Glory; composed the "Prophetic Mask," the "Corsican Romance," and an English novel, entitled the "Earl of Essex." Poetry itself was no stranger to him; and a Madrigal, of which the following is a translation, has, with some appearance of reason, been attributed

Such was his veneration of Virgil—who with Homer, Tasso, Corneille, and Ossian, were his poetic favorites—that he paused for a day or two at Mantua during his Italian triumphs to superintend the erection of a tomb to the memory of the author of the *Æneid*. Of his appreciation of Corneille, Madame Junot, in her gossiping memoirs, gives an amusing instance, in a conversation which occurred between the Emperor and the Cardinal Maury on the respective merits of his favorite and Racine. “Had Corneille lived in my day,” said Napoleon enthusiastically, “I would have made him a prince.” “Why not a minister?” dryly asked the Cardinal. “Because,” retorted Napoleon, with a sly but sharp hit at his opponent, who was more remarkable for his eloquence than his wisdom, “I have had experience that the best composers of phrases may make the worst men of business.”* Though a master

to him. It was addressed to a celebrated Opera singer, Madame de St. Huberty, who was then playing the part of Dido:—

Romans! who boast of your illustrious race,
On what your rising state depended—see;
Dido possess’d no charm of pow’rful grace
To stay her lover, when resolved to flee—
But if *this* Dido, of these halls the pride,
Had truly been the Carthaginian Queen,
He, to serve her, his Gods would have denied,
And your fair country still had desert been!

* It was the Abbé Maury’s fate to receive and give rubs. When preaching during Lent in 1781, he reviewed the public administration, politics, finances, &c., so much so, that Louis XVI. in leaving the Royal Chapel exclaimed, “What a pity l’Abbé Maury did not speak a little on religion in his sermon, for he then would have spoken of everything.” We are familiar with his reply to those who during the Revolution wished to hang him up to the lamp-post, shouting “*A la lanterne.*” “Well, my friends, and when you have strung me up to the lamp-post, do you

"Sentence-maker" himself, indeed, he had a soldier's dislike of rhetoricians. On leaving Egypt, he said to Menou, "If I set my foot in France, the reign of talkers is over." And on the formation of the new Government, his chief object as First Consul was to obtain men of practical talents and experience. "I want," he exclaimed, "more head and less tongue!"

RETORT AND SARCASM.

In retort, sarcastic or playful, or rebuke, biting or severe, Napoleon indeed was a perfect adept. When the Duchess de Guiche, sounding him in favour of the Bourbons after the 18th Brumaire, said that if he would restore the exiled family, the Count d'Artois declared he would make him Constable of the Kingdom, and raise a column with a statue of Bonaparte crowning the Bourbons. "You might have replied," said Napoleon sternly, "that the corpse of the First Consul would have been made the pedestal of the column." To Barras' Envoy, who had been sent to remonstrate with Napoleon for detaining himself and his colleague while carrying out his celebrated "*Coup d'Etat*" of the 18th Brumaire, he replied with a ready and vehement eloquence, "What have you done with that fair France which I left you so prosperous? Instead of peace I find war; instead of victory, defeat. The wealth of Italy

think you will see any the better for it."—(*Eh bien! quand vous m'aurez mis à la lanterne, y verrez vous plus clair?*) And to a man who threatened to send him to say "mass to all the devils," he drew from his pocket two pistols that he carried about with him for his self-defence, and replied, "Yes, true; and here are two holy vessels to serve it with."—(*Tiens; voilà deux burettes pour la servir.*)

has been exchanged for taxation and misery. Where are the hundred thousand Frenchmen whom I knew—all of them my companions in glory! They are dead; while we who have preserved the State by our efforts and our courage, are accounted enemies of the Republic.” The Emperor Alexander caused *Te Deums* to be chaunted at St. Petersburg for victories he never won; upon which Napoleon remarked, “that he was lying not to man alone but to God;”—not the last of the Czars by the way who has subjected himself to a taunt of this kind. In the treaty of Léoben the Austrian Commissioners had set down in the first article, that the Emperor Francis recognised the French Republic. “Strike that out,” haughtily observed the Chief of the Army of Italy, “the Republic is like the sun, which shines by its own light; none but the blind can fail to see it.”* Somewhat in the same spirit was his passionate illustration of a menace addressed to Count Cobentzel, the Austrian Envoy at Campo Formio. “You wish for war then—it is well, you shall have it; but mark me, in less than three months I will shatter your Empire as I now shatter this potsherd,” dashing to the ground a fine and costly vase which stood by him on the mantelpiece: a family talent for practical exposition it would seem, since, if we are to believe Madame Junot, his

* An observation of his made at Campo Formio bears nearly the same meaning. “The French people (he said) are masters at home: they have established a republic, to-morrow, perhaps, they will create an aristocracy, the day after a monarchy. It is their undeniable right; the form of its government is simply an affair of interior legislation.” Napoleon said nothing of the Empire.

brother, Lucien, smashed his own watch on the pavement, as in a dispute with the Emperor himself, he declared his ambitious plans would be all shivered to atoms in the same manner as the gold repeater was. These very family feuds afforded an opportunity for some of the Emperor's severest speeches ; for when complaining of the manner in which his brothers failed to second him he said, " I am not so fortunate as Gengis Khan, each of whose sons rivalled the other in zeal for his service ; no sooner do I create a King, than he thinks himself such by the Grace of God." At another time, when his sisters were pooh-poohing, or as we might say, turning up their noses at the principalities with which he had endowed them, " Parbleu," said he with a sneer at such airs in the daughters of a Corsican attorney, " will these ladies never be content ; one would think we were really sharing the inheritance of the late King our father."* After a glance at Sieyès constitution he treated it with derision ; " The duties of your Grand Elector, Monsieur l'Abbé," said he, " are

* Napoleon never referred with much romance to his father's memory. During the son's grandeur the community of Montpellier desired to erect a monument to Charles Bonaparte. Napoleon replied, " Had my father died yesterday, it would be natural to pay his memory some mark of respect consistent with my present situation. But it is twenty years since the event, and it is one in which the public can take no concern. Let us leave the dead in peace." However the old man, with his homely associations, sometimes rose to the son's eyes in moments of triumph. At his coronation, in looking at all the attributes of power with which both were surrounded, Napoleon whispered to his brother Joseph, with an expression and intonation of voice impossible to describe, " Joseph, if our father could see us."—(*Joseph, si notre père nous voyait.*)

merely to fatten like a pig on so many millions a year." At Elba or St. Helena, he called Louis XVIII. the King of England's Viceroy ; and said, "he will be wise if he be content to lie in my bed, merely changing the sheets." And his reply to Madame de Staël is familiar to all. "Whom do you consider, General, the greatest woman living or dead?" said Madame. "She who has borne the greatest number of children," replied Napoleon : which, by the way, is but a different form of the Spartan mother's speech. Another time she observed to him, that it was reported he was no admirer of women ; he answered, "Madame, I am fond of my wife."—Nor was this his only pointed tribute to the charms of Joséphine : to her he paid some of his prettiest compliments. In a letter to her from Prussia, in which he spoke of what he had done for the Princess of Hatzfield, he wrote, "Thou seest, then, that I esteem women who are gentle, ingenuous, and amiable ; but it is because they alone resemble thee." And once on his return from a victorious campaign, and the people made the air resound with their applause, he turned to Bourrienne and observed, "This is sweet to my ears as the voice of Joséphine." There are moments, however, as I suppose there ever will be in married life, when even the beautiful Creole met with a rebuke from her imperial master, especially when her Christmas bills, (vulgar as the fact is, it is yet a fact,) came in, in such amounts as to astound even an Emperor ; or when she meddled in politics, which they say ladies ought not to do, for when she once pleaded hard for the Bourbons, he

silenced her with a rebuke. "*My part is taken ; do you mind your knitting and leave me to act.*" But these little domestic ripples, from all we can learn, were of rare occurrence. Joséphine regarded her "*Cid,*" her "*Achilles,*" as she fondly called him, with reverence and devotion ; and we have the testimony of more than one lady of the Court, that in his brief hours of ease few men could be more fascinating than the Emperor in female society ; though it must be confessed, he had a fashion of playfully pinching their noses, which could not have been at all times agreeable ; for he said to the Duchess d'Abrantes, who was probably too fond of talking before her husband, that "*the hen should be silent in the presence of the cock,*" and at the same time, she adds, "*he pinched my poor little nose till it nearly bled.*" His habit of treating the ears of his tallest veterans in a like rough peculiarly petting way, when pleased with them, is perfectly well known. That he could, however, appreciate and applaud an able or spirited woman, was seen by what he said of the Duchess d'Angoulême, when, to forward the cause of the Bourbons, she threw herself into Bordeaux. "*She is the only man of her family,*" exclaimed Napoleon, when he heard of it. He knew how to shape his rebukes for every class and occasion. At Jena, the Imperial Guard being kept rather inactive they were much vexed, and a youth cried to the others, "*On,—forward.*" Napoleon, who was near, turning round said, "*It is not for a beardless boy to teach me what should be done : when he has obeyed the word of command in thirty pitched battles, he may presume to*

offer me advice." On the 29th of Germinal, (year V,) when the preliminaries of peace were signed at Léoben, Napoleon said to the Austrian Plenipotentiaries: "Your Government has sent against me four armies without Generals, and this time a General without an army."* "The Legislative body has betrayed *its* duty—I fulfil *mine*: I DISSOLVE IT," were the words of condensed sternness in which he sent that Chamber about its business. During the insurrection of Cairo, on hearing of the death of the Pole Sulkowsky, he issued his orders for reprisals in these terrible and significant words: "The hour of clemency is past. The Arabs commenced; it is for me to make an end." There was hardly more polished satire than quiet humour in his reply to the message of Cardinal Busca, the Roman Secretary of State, who commanded the Pope's army, and who, before the French crossed the Seno, sent a flag of truce with a declaration that if the French army continued to advance they would be fired upon. "The French troops," replied Napoleon, with mock seriousness, and dryly affecting alarm, "do not wish to expose themselves to the thunders of the Cardinal, and are therefore about to take up their quarters for the night." Sieyès hearing of some vague conspiracy, awoke Napoleon at three o'clock in the morning to inform him of it. "Have they corrupted our guard?" asked Napoleon. "No," replied

* In this, as in many other of Napoleon's sayings, we discern an exact copy of the "Antique:" for it is only second-hand a saying of Cæsar's, when having defeated Petreius and Afranius in Spain, he followed Pompey into Dyrrachium, observing, "I am going to engage a General without troops, after having beaten troops without a General."

Sieyès. "Then go to bed and let them alone;" said the first Consul. "In war, as well as in love, we must come to close quarters to make an end of it. It will be time enough to be alarmed when our six hundred soldiers have given way." Nor was he at a loss for a telling answer when, during the bread-riots of Paris, he attempted to disperse the mob, being then a young General; a brawling woman urged them on, crying out that so long as those fine epauletted fellows could feed and grow fat they cared not if poor people died of hunger. Napoleon laughingly answered, he being himself, in his own words, a mere slip of parchment at the time: "Good woman; look at me—which is the fatter of the two?" which quite turned the tables on his fair assailant. His "little Augereau" stood by him in the Hall of the Five Hundred while the *Appel nominal* was being called over on the 18th Brumaire, and seeing the ferment, nudged him on the elbow and said, "Well, General, your situation here is not a very pleasant one." "Remember Arcola," replied Napoleon, with an airy self-possession; "matters were much more desperate there. In half-an hour everything will take a different turn." However Sir Hudson Lowe had striking proof that the Great Napoleon could deal with personal invective as well as retort. "For you," said he to Sir Hudson, during one of their many altercations, "you are a *Sbirro Siciliano*, and not an Englishman—you are a greater calamity than all the wretchedness of this horrible rock." And again, when goaded into a fierce passion by the annoyance to which he was subjected when, things ad-

dressed to him as Emperor were withheld, he exclaimed, bursting into a storm of indignation, "and who gave you the right to dispute that title? In a few years Lord Castlereagh, Lord Bathurst, and you, who speak to me, will be buried in the dust of oblivion; or, if your names be remembered, it will only be for the indignities with which you have treated me; while the Emperor Napoleon will remain for ever the subject and ornament of history, and the star of civilized nations." Sir Hudson reminded him that he did not come there to receive a lecture. "That is no proof," was Napoleon's retort, "that you do not need one." In the papers of Sir Hudson, lately published, the latter states that he "told his captive these ebullitions excited in him no feeling but simply one of pity;" though in other quarters he is reported to have taken his revenge by declaring that he considered "Ali Pacha a more respectable scoundrel than General Bonaparte."

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.

His rapid sketches of the characters of men were curt as epigrams and complete as essays. Often he used only an epithet, which however served like a single glance of the eye to take in the whole man; while sometimes he gave a name which, copied from the past heroes of history, supplied a key to the salient quality or prominent talent of the person to whom it was applied. He read with a magic look the strong and weak points of that brilliant crowd of Generals and Marshals whom he had gathered round him. Thus, for the chivalry of Bessières he had the name of "Bayard," and for the

high devotion of Lannes the title of "Roland." Of the latter he afterwards said, "I was to him something vague and undefined, the Providence whom he implored. I found him a dwarf, but I lost him a giant." Masséna he called "the child of Victory," and described the peculiarity of his temperament with the nicety and truth of analysis. "Masséna," he said, "possessed the requisite equilibrium in the heat of battle only ; it seemed to be created in the midst of peril." The physical daring of Ney he has immortalized by the title with which he saluted him on the field of battle, "*Le brave des braves*." And no shrewd wit of the wittiest capital could have hit off the character of Murat with so happy a soubriquet as that employed by his imperial Master, when he summed up a rapid sketch of the King of Naples, who wielded a sabre so elegantly, and wore a plume of feathers worth 30,000 francs, by pronouncing him "*Un magnifique Lazzarone*." When Joachim retired to Italy after the Russian campaign, Napoleon wrote to his sister Caroline (Murat's wife), "Your husband is extremely brave in the field of battle, but out of the sight of the enemy he is weaker than a woman." Of General La Harpe he said, "He is a grenadier both in stature and courage"—a significant judgment on which his saying that it was "the heart that made the grenadier," confers additional force. Of the impetuous Vandamme he said, "Were that General lost, I know not what I should refuse to have him restored ; but if I had two such, I should be compelled to make one shoot the other." No man knew better, too, the motives

strongest to influence or excite a soldier to exert his greatest powers: he seemed to read intuitively the secret wish or object of every one around him. Thus, to Suchet, whom Napier terms "the devouring flame," and Napoleon subsequently pronounced "the ablest of his Generals," he wrote, "Suchet, the Marshal's baton is in Tarragona;" thus insuring his greatest efforts for the capture of a stronghold so requisite in the Spanish campaign. "It is a pity," observed Napoleon, "that Sovereigns cannot improvise men like him. If I had two such Marshals as Suchet, I should not only have conquered Spain but have kept it." Nor was he less gifted in interpreting the civilian than the soldier. Of wily Fouché he said, "We cannot create men, but must take such as we find. It is easier to modify by circumstances the feelings and conduct of an able servant than to supply his place." When Lafayette opposed his being Consul for life, Napoleon remarked, with a profound knowledge of his countrymen, "Lafayette is a man of one idea, he is constantly harping on America without understanding that the French are not Americans. He is a political monomaniac." Necker he stigmatized as "a man of one idea, a maker of theories and controller of systems, who judged of men from books and of the world from a map." Cambacères, in conversation, said of the Abbé Sieyès, that he had great depth. "Depth, depth," retorted Napoleon, "*hollowness* you mean; that man is as hollow as a drum, and has made as much noise in the world with as little cause." "Dandolo," said he, "was one of the only two

men I met in Italy;" and he compared Fox and Pitt in a pointed antithesis. "In Fox," he said, "the heart warmed the genius, while in Pitt, the genius withered the heart." Indeed, he seemed to regard the former as the greatest man he ever knew. "Half a dozen such men," he said, "would be sufficient to establish the character of a nation, a man without a model amongst the ancients, being himself a model, whose principles will sooner or later rule the world." His antipathy to Pitt was the highest compliment he could pay to his power as a Minister, though he called him "a fiscal financier—a blue bag tactician, who was formidable as far as Dover, but whom he did not fear at Calais."

HIS SUNS AND STARS.

The suns and stars of Napoleon have almost passed into a proverb. It was one of his maxims that it was necessary to excite the imagination, and he never failed to seize an opportunity of doing so. The sudden and propitious bursts of bright rays that broke through the mist on the morning of that great battle, made for ever afterwards familiar to the soldier's ear, the interjection "Behold the sun of Austerlitz!" and which repeated before the great fight of Moscow, could kindle to victory desponding legions amid the desolation of a Russian campaign: and on the morning of one of his earlier victories he seized the moment to exclaim, "Soldiers! The sun that now shines over us is the same that shone on Lodi and Arcola. Crowned with victory, with what pleasure shall we return to our beautiful France." Sir Walter Scott spoke of Napoleon as "traversing the

earth as a comet does the sky, working changes wherever he came ;" but his fortunes were always to his own fancy symbolized by a star ; and the concluding sentence of perhaps his first public essay on a question propounded by the Academy of Lyons, in 1791, and the only part of that composition it is said extant embodied his favorite figure, "Great men are meteors destined to burn to enlighten their age."* It was a frequent expression of his, in moments of triumph or success, "My star is in the ascendant ;" and once or twice in the disastrous retreat from Russia, he was heard despondingly to murmur, as one unused to reverses and untaught to bear them, "My star grows dim !" And dimmer and dimmer indeed it seemed to grow, until his famished and shattered hosts reached the banks of the Beresina, and amidst snow and storm, saw the broad waters of that wintry river roll between them and their route to France. It was only when a bridge was thrown over the current, that something like a sense of despair was exchanged for one of relief, and with a feeling of a man delivered from destruction, Napoleon exclaimed, as he

* *Les grands hommes sont des météores destinés à bruler pour éclairer leur siècle.* After the lecture was delivered I learnt that I was in error in saying this sentence only was extant. The Essay was published in 1826, by General Gourgaud, from a copy taken from the original, in the possession of Louis Bonaparte. O'Meara relates that M. de Talleyrand, fancying he was paying his court to the Emperor, put one day into the hands of the latter, the manuscript of this work, which had been found in the Archives of the Academy of Lyons, when the Emperor threw it into the fire, repudiating as he did, the republican ideas which had inspired "that school-boy composition." (*"Cette composition de collège."*)—Note, *Œuvres de Napoléon.* Paris, 1840.

saw the troops defiling before him with cries of "*Vive l'Empereur*," "MY STAR THEN STILL REIGNS!"

PROCLAMATIONS TO THE SOLDIERS.

It is, however, to the field we must follow Napoleon to catch those marvellous flash-of-lightning sayings, which produced in the roughest soldier a kind of fanaticism, and caused him to regard his General as a demi-god—to consider his orders as though they were strokes of inspiration, that could not fail, under any circumstances, to secure victory to those who fought beneath his eagle eye. It was one of his aphorisms, that "the world was governed by imagination;" and he acted as a man who had a full belief in it. His proclamations, so florid and strong, are proof of this; and we know with what brilliant effects he let them off like blazing rockets in front of his army on the eve of battle. In the passions and animosities of the age they were described as the fustian and rodomontade of a mountebank, and delivered by a mountebank they might have been fustian and rodomontade; but the great occasions on which they were issued ennobled them, and the magical effects with which they were followed, show they were the result of a profound knowledge and subtle mastery of the human mind. His own testimony to his talents in this respect may be taken: and when at St. Helena, to while away the tedium of his exile, he used to read over at times his own proclamations to the "*Armée d'Italie*," he owned they acted even on himself—that he was stirred up by them. "And they have dared to say," exclaimed he one day, "that I knew not

how to write!" (*Et ils ont osé dire, que je ne savais pas écrire!*") The *esprit* of the French nation belongs to the rudest soldier as well as the most polished citizen; and the veteran of the old Guard, if he could not always understand the sense, never failed to be charmed with the sound, of those splendid and sonorous phrases in which, bard-like, he conveyed his short and striking orations. We can, for instance, imagine the enthusiastic cheers amidst which the army of Egypt, though so far from home, were reminded on the morning of the 22nd of September, the 1st Vendemiare, that that day they celebrated the anniversary of the 7th year of the Republic. "Soldiers!" said he, "five years ago the independence of the French people was threatened, but the capture of Toulon was the presage of ruin to our enemies. A year afterwards you defeated the Austrians at Dego. In the following year, you were fighting on the summits of the Alps. Two years ago, you were contending beneath the walls of Mantua, and achieved the celebrated victory of St. George. Last year, you were at the sources of the Drave and the Isonzo on your return from Germany. Who would then have ventured to predict that to-day you would be on the banks of the Nile, in the centre of the ancient Continent." To thus rapidly passing before the view, like a painted panorama swiftly unrolled from its cylinder, the glittering catalogue of their past achievements, he was very partial. In doing so, he reminded them not only of their own glory, but of the General under whom it had been gained. Thus, on his return

from Elba, when it was necessary to carry their thoughts back once more to the great battle-fields before the Restoration, we find him inflaming their enthusiasm by thus recapitulating their former conquests. " Shall they who have been unable to sustain our looks presume to command or enchain our eagles. Your General, called to the Throne by the voice of the people, is restored to you. Come and join him. Resume those eagles which you had at Ulm, at Austerlitz, at Eckmuhl, at the Moskwa, at Lutzen, at Montmirail ! Victory shall march at the charging step ; the eagle, with the national colours, shall fly from steeple to steeple, till it alights on the towers of Notre Dame. Then you will be able to shew your scars with honour ; then may you boast of what you have done. You will be the liberators of the country. In your old age your fellow-citizens will listen with respect while you recount your deeds, and exclaim with pride, ' and I also was one of that Grand Army ! ' "

These allusions to the home-homage which awaited the return of the victorious soldier—these home strokes of Napoleon, as they might not inaptly be called, and of which we have an example at the close of the last-quoted address, were employed by him on such great and critical occasions, that we can easily judge how powerful their operation on the nature and idiosyncrasy of a French soldier he conceived them to be. On one occasion, he said that " they required to be bribed by glory ; " and lovers of admiration above all things else, as we know our gay neighbours to be, could he, deep and subtle judge, both of the strength and weaknesses of his coun-

trymen as he was, hold out a more dazzling lure before them than the deference and applause of their fellow-citizens, when covered with *éclat*, they carried their victorious eagles back again into the gay and beautiful Paris, and in the wide areas of the *Place de la Concorde* or of the *Carrousel* were hailed by the cheers of assembled thousands. Thus, in announcing peace to them, in one of his proclamations he says, "In the beginning of May I shall give a fête in Paris, when, after all our hardships, you will be arranged around my Palace, the preservers of our country's happiness." In the critical and somewhat gloomy conjuncture before the battle of Moscow, he had again recourse to this potent figure, and in the remote wilds of Russia cheered their spirits and awoke their enthusiasm. "Conduct yourselves," he said, "as at Austerlitz, Friedland, and Smolensk, so that the most remote posterity may proudly cite your actions on this day, and say of each of you, 'He was in the great battle fought beneath the walls of Moscow.'"

Nor were these addresses mere vague grandiloquent sentences, strung together to awaken a general enthusiasm. Each addressed itself to some special incident, applied itself to some special circumstances, and was conceived for some politic purpose bearing on, or referring to, the enterprise then in hand. Thus, after the overthrow of the Prussians at the battle of Jena, see how he inspires his soldiers with confidence to meet the coming hordes of the Czar, by recounting their past achievements, and inflaming their love of glory by a reference to the history of the chivalrous and unfortunate people into whose

partitioned country they had carried their eagles.—
 “Soldiers! on this day twelvemonths, at this very hour, you were upon the battle-field of Austerlitz. The eagle of France soars over the Vistula. The brave and unfortunate Pole, on seeing you, deems that he beholds the legions of Sobieski returning from their memorable expedition. What can give to the Russians the right of holding the balance of destiny, or of interfering with our just designs? They and we are still the soldiers of Austerlitz!”

PHRASES ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

But I am quite aware that those celebrated compositions to which I have alluded do not come within the designation of apophthegms, and though I might count on your kind indulgence for giving me all and more than a reasonable scope, still, were I to go on citing to any extent from his proclamations, which were really after all in many cases but amplifications of his apophthegms, I should extend this lecture beyond the bounds of time and patience. Many of those sudden sayings of his delivered in the tumult of the strife, in a critical moment of the conflict, when he rode, followed by his staff, in front of the lines or rallied the wavering division, come more peculiarly within the province of this lecture, but they have become so familiar, that in citing them I am well aware I merely refresh your memory without adding to your information. Brief as they were, their phraseology was generally as ambitious as that of his proclamations, thus offering a curious contrast to the eccentric, but hardly less remarkable,

announcements of the late Sir Charles Napier, whose style cannot be better described than by a single citation of his message to the Scindians. "Beloochees, I am coming with ten thousand men to drive you all to the devil!" and I confess that the laconic force of this phrase hardly less challenges my admiration than the oft-quoted apostrophe of Napoleon when in sight of the monuments of the Pharoahs. "Soldiers! from the summit of these pyramids forty centuries look down upon you."* We know his reply to Desaix on the field of Marengo, when the French were giving way. "This, General, appears to be a battle lost," said the former. "Nay," said the First Consul, "it is a battle won;" and as he galloped through the field, he exclaimed to the disordered troops, "Recollect, my sons, it is my custom to sleep on the field of battle; you have now retired far enough." We know the talismanic effect of his address to the soldiers of Strasburg, before setting out for the campaign against the Austrians. "Soldiers! your Emperor is in the midst of you, you are but the advance guard of the Great Nation." When the lines were being marshalled for the great fight of Austerlitz, he galloped in front of them and cried out: "Soldiers! we shall finish this campaign with a thunder-clap which will confound the pride of our enemies;" and a cheer,

* The French, we believe, find fault with the manner in which we render this celebrated phrase; but with a full appreciation of the fact, that most things suffer by translation, in this case I almost prefer the English version, as possessing more muscular brevity. The words, as Bonaparte spoke them, were:—*"Soldats! Songez que du haut de ces monuments quarante siècles vous contemplent!"*

carried from division to division, showed how implicitly they believed in his boast. At Friedland, when he heard the first report of the enemies' guns, he exclaimed, "This will be a fortunate day; it is the anniversary of Marengo." On another occasion, "You are the same men that conquered Holland, the Rhine, Italy, and gave peace beneath the walls of astonished Vienna." Just before the battle of Leipsic he addressed the soldiers thus, "Yonder lies the enemy; swear that you will die rather than see France dishonoured." He said, "My soldiers are my children;" and subsequently at St. Helena, when, with that audacious plainness with which he sometimes discussed a question, he sought to illustrate the attachment of our Lord's disciples by the devotion of his own soldiers, he described the feeling of the latter towards himself as a species of fanaticism, and perhaps there was no occasion when he displayed more implicit reliance on the affection of those soldiers than when on the critical eighteenth Brumaire, he placed all on the cast of the die; and from the stormy and determined spirit of the Council of Five Hundred, saw there was a danger of that cast terminating against him. In the height of the tumult, he hastened across the court from the Orangery in which the Council was assembled, to the gallery of Mars, where the Ancients held their sitting, and after a brief reference to the representatives, suddenly appealed to the soldiers on duty, knowing that on their suffrage he could best depend at the portentous juncture. "You, brave Grenadiers," he exclaimed, "whose caps I observe at the

doors of this Hall, whom I have so often led to victory against banded Kings, I, who am now accused of being hostile to liberty, say, did I ever break my word?" When, after such an appeal, he added, as he quitted the Hall and again retraced his steps to the Orangery, "*Let all who love me follow me;*" he knew well those same Grenadiers, with the bear-skin caps, would not be the men to stay behind.

After his abdication he thus addressed his own guard in front of the Palace at Fontainebleau: "I could have died—nothing would have been easier—but I will not cease to pursue the road to honour. I have yet to write the deeds we have done together. I cannot embrace you all; but I will embrace your General. Come, General! Bring hither the eagle. Beloved eagle! may these kisses be treasured in the hearts of the brave! Adieu my children! My prayers shall accompany you always. Preserve my remembrance."

Yet when displeased, no man could throw his words into the form of a more terrible rebuke than he, as when the corps of Vanbois allowed themselves to be driven back from Trent by Dividowitch. "You are no longer French soldiers," said he, "let it be written on their colours, they no longer form part of the army of Italy." To the men of Kléber's division, who in crossing the desert had become mutinous for want of water, he said, "Soldiers! learn to die with courage;" a quality of passive fortitude never, perhaps, so sublimely evinced as by the British regiment on board the *Birkenhead*, which some two or three years since was wrecked on

the coast of the Cape, and who, to the command of their officer, just before the ship went down, stood to arms on the deck with as much precision as though they were on parade.*

STRATEGICAL APOPTHEGMS.

Nor was the love of the soldiers for his person solely infatuation : it was also inspired by a belief in his unequalled knowledge in the art of war. They had often themselves beheld how he had achieved victory by what Scott called "one of those sudden strokes of inspiration with which he seemed to dictate terms to fate," and they regarded his genius as more than earthly. It was with something of mystery and awe the rude veteran, as he stood sentinel at his tent, saw the Little Corporal† spread out one of his great maps on the floor, and throwing himself on it with a pair of compasses, prepare to beat his enemies on paper. For no man better than Napoleon ever knew that great victories often turned on the smallest pivots, and that a moment of time or a point of earth gained might decide a battle. Thus, at Rivoli, he indicated in a word the fatal error of the Austrians, when he said, "they were incapable of calculating the value of minutes." At the siege of Toulon,

* A Prussian Military Review, commenting on this circumstance of the *Birkenhead*, at a time when the various kind of fire-arms and their comparative advantages were being discussed, said, "Talk as you like about Minie Rifles, but it mattered little with what men, with the courage of the soldiers of the *Birkenhead*, were armed. They must conquer with anything in their hands."

† The soldiers styled Napoleon "*simple soldat*" after Dego, "*petit corporal*" after Lodi, "*sergent*" after Castiglione. The surname of "*petit corporal*" has alone remained to this day.

pointing to the map, and resting his finger on a position called Little Gibraltar, nearly opposite the town, he said, "*Toulon is there!*" The importance of Acre in a strategetical sense he pronounced, when he said, "The fate of the East depends on yonder petty town; behold the key of Constantinople and of India!" When he landed in France from Elba, he pressed forward with all haste, saying, "Victory depends on my speed; to me France is in Grenoble, and that place is a hundred leagues distant." His military maxims are now in the mouth of every professional soldier of every country, and their soundness confirmed by general experience. Their apposite character makes them easy of quotation, thus, "Offensive movements are the foundation of a good defence."—"Attack vigorously, after having observed well where to strike;"—"War is not a conjectural art." His military criticisms were as strong as they were brief. Thus of Moncey's rash and headlong attempt against the town of Valentia, in Spain, he said, "Moncey, a city with 80,000 inhabitants, barricaded streets, and artillery placed at the gates, CANNOT BE TAKEN BY THE COLLAR." He censured one of Savary's errors by just glancing at its possible consequences: "A check given to Dupont would have a slight effect, but a wound inflicted on Bessières would give a lock-jaw to the whole army." When passing over the plain between Austerlitz and Brunn he said to the officers of his staff, "Gentlemen, it will be well to study this field, we shall shortly have to contest it."

MISCELLANEOUS APOPTHEGMS.

There are a number of Napoleon's apophthegms so varied in their character and application that it would be impossible to classify them, though there are several of them extraordinary examples of condensed shrewdness and sententious force. "Talleyrand is right:— 'they walk with speed who walk alone,' " was his observation after that wily Minister had counselled him as First Consul to act by himself. It was in his conversation with the Abbé de Pradt in the Polish Capital, on his flight from Prussia, that he delivered that saying, since become so familiar—"There is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous," with reference to the miserable results of that gigantic enterprise.* "I live in the midst of agitation," said he, in the same interview; "it is sluggish Kings that only grow fat in their Palaces. My place is on horseback and in the camp!"—a modification of what he said after the battle of Smolensk, when mounting his horse to take the personal command, he exclaimed, "I have acted the Emperor long enough; it is time I should again become a general." Though at forty-four, (when he told us that "a man was not what he was at thirty,") he thought "the repose of a constitutional monarch then suited him best." When he was opposed by the Council in his re-establishment of the Legion of Honour, and Berthier said, "Crosses and ribbons were the child's playthings

* Talleyrand, in reference to the same campaign, said, "that the victories of the Emperor were best designated by an algebraic series; the first term was *a*, and the last *zero*."

of Monarchy," Napoleon exclaimed, "You call them child's rattles. Be it so; it is with such things that men are led. The French character has not been changed by ten years of revolution. The people are still what their ancestors, the Gauls, were, vain and light; but they are susceptible of one sentiment—*honour*."* The proclamation in which he announced that his Consularship had commenced, thus concluded: "Citizens! the Revolution being fixed on the principles in which it originated, *is now ended*." Public opinion he described as that "invisible and mysterious power which, though nothing can be more vague, unsteady, and capricious, it is impossible to resist." When the Council of Ancients were in search of a precedent to guide their conduct on the 18th Brumaire, "Let us not look into the past for precedents," he exclaimed, "the close of the 18th century has no parallel in history, and nothing in the 18th century resembles this moment." On his way back from Egypt, on descriing the English fleet off the French coast, the Admiral proposed they should return to Corsica. "To do so," replied Napoleon, "would be to take the road to England; I am seeking that to France. Steer to the north west! Onwards!"—

* This habit which Napoleon had of distributing swords of honour, &c., "bribing them with glory," (as he said himself,) was cleverly and practically satirized by his military rival Moreau, at a dinner party which the latter gave. The entertainment was exquisite, and his guests praised it and the cook; upon which Moreau, who had prepared himself for the joke, had the "artist of the kitchen" up stairs, and addressing him in a mock-heroic style, in which he imitated the manner of Napoleon, concluded by presenting the man with a silver saucepan, saying, "I GIVE YOU A SAUCEPAN OF HONOUR." (*Une casserole d'honneur*.)

a saying which somewhat reminds us of Pompey's reply when told the danger of putting to sea in a storm. "It is necessary to sail, it is not necessary to live." The first time Napoleon appeared in public in the Consul's robes, it was remarked that he had on him a black stock, which was out of keeping with the rest of the dress, "No matter," he answered, "a remnant of the soldier will do us no harm." "It is not Liberty but Waterloo which deposes me," was his bitter taunt to the Chamber, when they accused him with not being friendly to freedom; and again, to the same parties, "You ought not to have reproached me thus publicly. People wash their dirty linen at home." It was a wise maxim of his, both in peace and war, that "nothing should be put off till to-morrow that might be done to-day." His opinion of his colleague, Lebrun, is anything but complimentary to the fraternity of authors. "Lebrun," said he, "is an excellent person; but he has no political knowledge—he writes books." That he had not, however, much greater faith in one of the learned professions we also know from his observation on being recommended to take medicine, which he refused, saying, "Our bodies are machines, organized for the purpose of life. Leave the life there at its ease, let it take care of itself. It will do better than if you paralyze it by loading it with medicines. We are like well-made watches, destined to go for a certain time. The watchmaker has no power to open the machine, and can only meddle with it at random, and with his eyes bandaged. For one who by racking it with his ill-formed instruments, succeeds in doing it

any good, how many blockheads destroy it altogether." In short, though he said in St. Helena he was "neither a philosopher nor a physician," he gave his opinion in the department of medical and surgical science, with the same daring and decided confidence which marked his judgments in war, politics, or jurisprudence; for, during the Empress Maria Louisa's accouchement, which was dangerous, Dubois became frightened, when Napoleon restored his nerve by saying to him, "Forget that she is an Empress, and treat her as you would the wife of a citizen of the Rue St. Denis. Nature has but one law, and you need fear no reproach. Act in this case precisely as you would at the birth of a cobbler's son." When he protested against being sent to St. Helena, he exclaimed, "British faith will have been lost in the hospitality of the *Bellerophon*." On a former occasion, he charged England with a breach of faith. "They do not respect treaties," said he, "which we must henceforth cover with black crape." Another time, "The venom of calumny has been exhausted on me. It can no longer injure, but operates like the poison of Mithridates." Indeed, some of his strongest expressions were devoted to the service of Great Britain. He called her "The Leopard," the "Vampire of the sea." Not long before his decease, he said to Dr. Arnold, "I bequeath the infamy and horror of my death to the reigning family of England."

There was not, however, always consistency in his dicta, for on one occasion he said, "imagination governed the world," and on another, it was "the belly" that did.

so. He designated the Austrian marriage "as a gulf concealed with flowers;" and of his fatal error in meddling with the Peninsula, he observed, "The Spanish ulcer destroyed me;" while he thus apostrophized the East: "The East—the theatre of mighty empires, where all the great revolutions of the earth have arisen, where mind had its birth, and all religions their cradle, and where six hundred millions of men still have their dwelling-place." To an artist, striking a medal for the battle of Austerlitz he said, "Put on one side the words *Battle of Austerlitz*, with the date; and on the other, the eagles of France, Austria, and Russia—posterity will be at no loss for the rest."* More than once at distant intervals, and under different circumstances, he re-produced the same figure. Thus, in the height of his power, when angrily rebuking some observations contained in a lecture of Chateaubriand's before the institute: "I dethroned no person. I found the crown in the kennel and took it up." At St. Helena, he said to Mr. Warden, "I came, not as your Cromwell did, or as your third Richard; no such thing. I found a crown in a kennel, I cleansed it from its filth, and placed it on my head." On escaping from drowning at Suez, he said, "We thus escaped perishing precisely in the same manner and at the same place as Pharoah perished.

* Talking of medals, Denon once submitted to him some designs for medals and trophies; one represented an eagle [France] in the act of destroying a leopard [England]. "Vile flatterer!" exclaimed Napoleon, "I cannot even send a fishing boat to sea but it is instantly seized by the English! It is the leopard that strangles the eagle; let me see no more of such absurdities."

Had we been lost, the coincidence would have furnished all the preachers of Christendom with a splendid text against me." Nearly the same fancy occurred to him another time, under somewhat similar though less romantic circumstances. Whilst riding in St. Helena, he dismounted in order to cross a streamlet, the banks of which appeared dry. It was, however, mud, and Las Cases and the Emperor, when extricated, were covered with mire. The latter said, "This is certainly a dirty adventure. If we had been lost here, what would have been said in Europe? Canting hypocrites would have proved, beyond a doubt, that we had been swallowed for our crimes."

HIS EGOTISM, AND APOPTHEGMS ON FAME.

Seldom were Napoleon's phrases more marked than when he himself was the subject of them. Indeed his egotism had about it something stupendous. It was as great as his yearnings after fame and the future. He at one time said, "The perpetuity of a name in the memory of man constituted his hope of immortality." "It were better never to have lived than to leave no after-traces of one's existence." "The future; the future!" he exclaimed in a triumphant moment, "the future is mine!"* His imagination seems to have kindled at the thought of it. "Fame," he said, "is but a sound; but it is audible in many lands, and from

* To this exclamation Victor Hugo has alluded in some spirited lines—

Non l'avenir n'est à personne !
Sire ! l'avenir est à Dieu !
A chaque fois que l'heure sonne,
Tout ici bas nous dit adieu.

generation to generation. Laws, institutions, nations themselves perish; but the echoes of fame are prolonged for ever." Being in the gallery of the Louvre one day attended by the Baron Denon, he turned round suddenly from a fine picture which he had viewed for some time in silence, and said to him, "That is a noble picture, Denon." "Immortal," was Denon's reply. "How long," inquired Napoleon, "will the picture last?" Denon answered, that with care it might last, perhaps, 500 years. "And how long," asked the other, "will a statue last?" "Perhaps," said Denon, "5000 years." "And this," returned Napoleon, "this you call immortality?" When about to proceed to the command of the army south of the Alps, he said, as he entered his carriage, "The campaign will be short; Italy has echoes to repeat my name." On hearing of the battle of Trafalgar, which he did at Schœnbrunn, he said, with a self-confidence far less justifiable, "I cannot be everywhere:" as though his presence could at all have affected the issue of that glorious day. He objected to his sister Caroline's marriage with Murat, in a spirit unworthy and inconsistent in a man who boasted of being the founder of his own family. "Murat is the son of an innkeeper; in the exalted station to which fortune has raised me, his blood cannot mingle with mine." He used to tell the story, that his uncle once said to his brother Joseph, when both were young, "You are the eldest, but Napoleon is the head of your house;" "as true a disinheritance," added the Emperor when he told it, "as that of Esau in favour of Jacob." It was

in the presumption of pride and power, hardly inferior to that of Herod, he cried out, "Europe must form but one great nation, and I shall make Paris the capital of the world!" Though he subsequently said that he dated his patent of nobility from the battle of Montenotte, his first victory, he observes somewhere, that at Lodi the possibility of his becoming a decided actor in events, first struck him,* though the chance of acquiring a petty eastern kingdom would have, perhaps, satisfied his ambition until his return from Egypt. "How strange it would be," he said, "if a little Corsican officer were to become King of Jerusalem." Greater ideas even then dawned upon him. "I shall found," he exclaimed, "in the East a new and mighty empire, which will fix my position with posterity; and perhaps when this is accomplished I may return to Paris by Adrianople and Vienna, after having annihilated the House of Austria on my way." It was this great egotism, or perhaps the consciousness of his vast capacity, that urged him to declare, towards the close of his career, that "France had more need of him than he of France." To a deputation from the Legislative Chamber he thus spoke. "Which of you could sustain the burden borne by me? I was not nurtured among kings—I am not a thing belonging to the throne—which itself is but a piece of gilded wood covered with velvet: if France

* "Neither the successes of Vendémiaire nor of Montenotte induced me to regard myself as belonging to a superior class; but after Lodi, it flashed upon me that I might possibly become a decisive actor in the political arena. It was there that the first spark of my ambition was kindled."

desires a constitution which would bring back anarchy, let her seek another Sovereign."* "The costume of the Imperial Theatre," he observed on another occasion, "does not constitute my value, though it is necessary for the multitude—I claim esteem for myself." When he rode by a line of British soldiers at St. Helena, and observed the sensation which he caused, he exclaimed, "What European soldier would not be moved at my approach!"† Even the drawing near of death could not abate his pride, for to those who stood by his bedside he delivered nearly his last injunctions in these words:—"Repair to Rome; find out my mother, my family—tell them that the Great Napoleon expired in a state the

* He was no lover of the first Revolution, or the prominent actors in it. "If I must fall," he said, "I will not deliver up France to the Revolution from which I saved her." Nor did the Chamber itself, or its members, find much more favor in his eyes. He said, "Those who wish to deliver me up to-day, say that it is to save France: to-morrow, by delivering up France, they will prove that it was to save themselves." It was probably to these he alluded whilst on board the *Northumberland*, as after passing the British Channel, he caught a glimpse of France, "Adieu," said he, "land of the brave! Adieu, dear France! A few traitors less, and thou wilt again be the mistress of the world!"

+ He had a great and a well-founded opinion of the personal influence he exercised on all in company or contact with whom he was thrown—soldiers or sovereign, his fascination was dangerous to those who were the objects of it. It was for this reason he was not permitted to see the Prince Regent, as he begged he might be allowed to do, when on board the *Belerophon*. "D——n the fellow," said Lord Keith, "if he had obtained an interview with his Royal Highness, in half-an-hour they would have been the best friends in England." Wieland, who with Goethe, was introduced to the Emperor at Erfurth, said of him, "His manners and conversation were exceedingly fascinating; but there was a statue-like firmness about him that seemed not to belong to living flesh and blood."

most deplorable—wanting everything; abandoned to himself and his glory.”

HIS FATALISM.

The phase perhaps of Napoleon's character with which the world is popularly best acquainted, is his *Fatalism*—his blind Fatalism, as it has been frequently designated. Traces of his Italian origin and Southern nature may, I fancy, be discovered in the sensitiveness which he ever showed to signs and portents; and while so little of a believer, he was not above the superstitions of the weakest minds. The Pagan Cæsar smiled at the predictions of Calphurnius, and saw without any uneasiness the Ides of March arrive. Yet the French freethinker of the 19th century could be affrighted by the coincidence of a wrecked vessel and a country bearing the same name. “Italy is lost to France,” he exclaimed, on hearing of the sinking of a river boat named “*l' Italie*.” “I know it is so; my presentiments never deceive me.” And during the Russian campaign he recoiled from a line of retreat indicated, because it led in the direction of that field which proved so fatal to the Swedes. “Ha,” exclaimed he, with something of affright, “Charles the Twelfth—Pultowa. No, no!”* In his presentiments, indeed, as in the appearance of spirits, he was a

* With the history of Charles the Twelfth he was very familiar, and of it he made frequent use. As he was passing through Silesia, from this same unfortunate expedition, the Prussians deliberated as to the propriety of arresting him. Napoleon said, “They passed the time in consulting which they ought to have employed in action; and as was said by Charles 12th of the Saxons, when they suffered him to depart unmolested from Dresden, ‘They dispute to-day whether they ought not to have detained me yesterday.’”

thorough believer. "When at a distance Death strikes one who is dear to us," he remarked, "a presentiment almost always announces the event; and the individual who is removed appears to us at the moment of our loss." No wonder then, when he gave such encouragement to supernatural fancies himself, that the story of "*l'Homme Rouge*," or "the Little Red Man," should be rife amid the rude soldiers of the camp—that they should imagine that he was to the Emperor what the Evil Genius was to Brutus, and that they overheard at midnight altercations between this mysterious personage and their General in the tent of the latter. "The Little Red man," according to their account, was ever sure to appear to their leader on the eve of battle, ever complaining that the Corsican would leave him no foot of earth free from French dominion, until at length he betook himself to St. Helena, under the assurance that on that remote rock he could never be troubled with the presence of the Bourgeois vengeur. He derived confidence in his Egyptian campaign from the circumstance of *Napoleon* signifying in the Greek "the Lion of the Wilderness;" and no augur could look out for omens more intently than he did. On more than one occasion he addressed his prayers to Fate and Fortune, as though he believed in her as a divinity, like the Ancient Romans. "Fortune, I ask of thee but a short respite. Wilt thou forsake me now?" was his exclamation when about to land in Alexandria he saw a sail on the horizon, which he feared might be one of Nelson's fleet. Again, when returning from

that same enterprise, and while he was in the habit of amusing his leisure by alternately perusing the Bible and the Khoran, and playing *vingt-un*, he said, "We shall arrive safely in France; Fortune will not abandon us." "The destinies are favorable!" was a frequent expression of his. When parting from Bernadotte, after giving the latter his reluctant permission to accept the Crown of Sweden, he said, "Go, then; our destinies are about to be accomplished." It was this feeling of fatality that sustained him in carrying out his cruel separation from his wife, "Josephine," he said, "my destiny overmasters my will; my dearest affections must be silent before the interests of France." He seems to have entertained something like a conviction that he had a charmed life. "Fear nothing," he answered to the artillerymen who remonstrated with him on exposing himself to danger at Montereau: "the bullet is not yet cast that is to kill me." The combination against him before the battle of Leipsic, which the Allies signalled by letting off two death rockets, he professes to have foreseen would prove fatal to him. "I could see," he afterwards said, "the decisive hour gradually approaching. My star grew dim. I felt the reins slipping from my hands." The Schwartzenberg Ball, with its fatal fire, indeed must have proved an appalling omen to a nature far less susceptible of such influences than his, by whose acts the very elements seemed affected; for a storm raged over Paris the day of his divorce; and as he was on the eve of breathing his last at St. Helena, a hurri-

cane howled round and devastated the Island, as occurred in England on the occasion of Cromwell's death.

Had Napoleon, however, instead of assigning to himself the mysterious gift of presentiment, claimed the faculty of political foresight, practical men might be more ready to admit that claim; since even passing and present events vindicate his title to be a foreseeing and sagacious politician; for, as we know, he was still in the height of his power when he predicted that European States would, ere many years, see the error of their union with Russia. He called it "the compact of dogs and shepherds with the wolves against the sheep, which would appear a monstrous thing in history, and which no statesman would have conceived." To his nephew, the present Emperor of France, while still comparatively a child, he spoke with a point which seemed almost to argue a prescience of what has since occurred. He conversed with him upon what he should do when he had become "a great man," making his duty to France second to that which he owed himself as the supreme power. And there was a foresight of his own fortunes in his answer to the younger Robespierre, when the latter, in 1793, offered him the command of Paris under his brother. "I shall command at Paris—but later.—(*"Je commanderai à Paris, plus tard."*)

APOPHTHEGMS ON RELIGION.

From Napoleon's fatalism to his apophthegms on religion the passage is short enough, and his mode of thinking and speaking on both subjects was marked by the same wild and daring deviation from the judgment

of ordinary people. Bourienne said of him, that "In India he would have been for Ali; in Thibet for the Delai Lama; and in China for Confucius." And the relative value of religious systems he ever calculated with reference to their bearing upon the affairs of this world, and not with any regard to that which is to come. He discriminated between creeds as a politician and not as a theologian, reminding one of that covert infidelity but outward and politic compliance with custom, which Gibbon describes in his second chapter as belonging to the magistrates and educated classes of Pagan Rome. "They knew and valued," says the author of the "Decline and Fall," "the advantages of religion as it is connected with civil government. They encouraged the public festivals which humanize the manners of the people. They managed the arts of divination, as a convenient instrument of policy, and they respected, as the firmest bond of society, the useful persuasion that either in this or in a future life the crime of perjury is most assuredly punished by the avenging gods. But whilst they acknowledged the general advantages of religion, they were convinced that the various modes of worship contributed alike to the same salutary purposes, and that in every country the form of superstition which had received the sanction of time and experience was the best adapted to the climate, and to its inhabitants." It was in very much the same spirit that Napoleon speaking of the Concordat said, "If the Pope had not existed, I would have created one for the occasion, as the Roman Consuls, in circumstances of emergency,

elected a dictator.”* His defence of his protection of Islam is the best key to his character. “Henry 4th held Paris to be well worth a mass,” said he. In short, Napoleon was on such subjects simply *unprincipled*, and his belief was as barren when receiving the last rites from the Abbé Vignali, as when affecting to eulogise the system of the Prophet. “The religion of Jesus is a threat, that of Mahomet a promise,” was his style of comparison between Christianity and Moslemism. And again, “Mahomedanism is the successor of Judaism and Christianity, and the blending of both.” And he would lead us to suppose that but for the, to him stronger motives of ambition, he might have adopted the belief of which he pretended to be enamoured. “Had I embraced Islamism,” said he, “I must have turned my back upon Europe, upon the regeneration of the age, and the course of Fate in France.” To Las Cases, he confessed at St. Helena after this fashion. “I am one of those who conceive that the pains of the other world were imagined merely as a counterpoise to the inadequate allurements offered to us there.” There were times it is true, when walking in the summer’s evening at Malmaison, the church bells at Ruel pouring out their sweet tones on a scene of rural tranquility, he could affect to be touched by solemn impressions;

* It was in a different spirit some of his Generals looked at this measure. After the first grand mass by which it was inaugurated, the Emperor asked one of them (I believe it was Rapp) if he did not think it a splendid sight. “Yes,” replied the other “to complete the scene it only required the presence of those men who shed their blood to free France from that sort of thing.”

as while reverting to his happy years at Brienne, he extended his arms towards the starry heavens and exclaimed, "If there be not a Deity, let them tell me who made all that." But such theatrical passages as these come, I think, quite legitimately under what Coleridge called "his acting." In his well-known words on his death-bed to the Abbé Vignali, "I am neither philosopher nor physician, but I believe in God, and am of the religion of my fathers," there seems to me the express desire of one (who had long and vainly wearied himself with conjectures) to escape from responsibility by a passive submission; for, powerful as his mind was, it here baffled and exhausted, manifestly gave up the struggle to attain by mere human reason a solution which inspiration alone supplies. However it must not be supposed that he had a mere soldier's or mere statesman's indisposition to canvass the subject of religion; his large and subtle mind was fond of selecting this as every other topic upon which it could try its ingenious powers. His capacity delighted to take in every thing, and he cared little if it were the physical sciences, jurisprudence, metaphysics, religion—he loved to exercise himself in conversation and oracularly pronounce upon each.* Thus at St. Helena, many an hour of his exile was whiled away in discourses, when the soldier of a hundred fights assumed the manner of the peripatetic philosopher, and strolling amongst the blossoming trees,

* During the voyage to Egypt he used to propose to his officers for discussion such questions as,—“Are the planets inhabited?”—“What is the age of the world?”—“Will the earth be destroyed by fire or water?” &c.

he talked to his companions like any Platonist in the groves of Academus. Possibly most of you have seen that singular conversation of his on Christ and the Bible, addressed to General Bertrand, and published at least under the name of the latter since his return from St. Helena. The style reminds one very much of that since then adopted by a certain school in America, called, I believe, the "Transcendentalists;" and between whom and the German theologians there seems to be something in common. In it he canvasses the character of our Lord in a manner which, while without being in one of his frame of mind profane, still startles us with the audacious novelty and freedom with which he treats the topic; introducing into his strange contrasts and comparisons, in company with the Divine Name, those of Hannibal and Cæsar, Alexander and Louis the 14th, Mahomet, Confuscious, and Numa Pompilius. In that conversation he is thus represented to speak of Charity in its Christian acceptation. "The first founders of religion had no idea of that mystic love which is the essence of Christianity, under the beautiful name of Charity. The greatest miracle of Christ, without contradiction, is the reign of Charity. All those who sincerely believe in Him feel that admirable love—that supernatural, superior, inexplicable phenomenon which is impossible to reason, or the force of man; a sacred fire given to earth by that new Prometheus, and the strength or duration of which Time, that great destroyer, can neither exhaust nor limit. It is this that I, Napoleon, admire above all, and which

absolutely proves the Divinity of Christ! I myself have so excited the passions of the multitude, that they would even die for me. But God forbid that I should form any comparison between the enthusiasm of the soldier and Christian charity, which are as different as their causes. It required my presence, the electricity of my look, my accent, a word from me to illumine the fire in their hearts: and certainly I possessed the secret of that magic power which raised the spirit. But I could not communicate it to any one else. Not one of my Generals have received it of me, neither have I the gift to eternalise my name and my love in their hearts.*

* The style of this conversation is so like the observations of Rousseau on the Bible and its author, that I cannot help thinking the latter must have influenced, if it did not suggest, the former. "When Plato," says Rousseau, "described his imaginary good man, covered with all the disgrace of crime, yet worthy of all the rewards of virtue, he described exactly the character of Jesus Christ. The resemblance was so striking, it could not be mistaken, and all the Fathers of the church perceived it. What prepossession, what blindness, must it be to compare the son of Sophroniscus to the son of Mary! What an immeasurable distance between them. Socrates dying without pain, and without ignominy, easily supported his character to the last; and if his death, however easy, had not crowned his life, it might have been doubted whether Socrates, with all his wisdom, was anything more than a mere sophist. He invented, it is said, the theory of moral science; others, however, had before him put it in practice, and he had nothing to do but to tell what they had done, and to reduce their examples to precepts. Aristides had been just, before Socrates defined what justice was; Leonidas had died for his country, before Socrates made it a duty to love one's country; Sparta had been temperate before Socrates eulogized sobriety; and before he celebrated the praises of virtue, Greece had abounded in virtuous men. But from whom of all his countrymen could Jesus have derived that sublime and pure morality, of which he only has given us both the precept and the example? In the midst of the most licentious fanaticism, the voice of the sublimest wisdom was heard, and the simplicity of the most heroic virtue crowned one of the humblest of all the multitude."

He subsequently speaks of the evanescent nature of all earthly reputations as compared with the undying hold which our Lord's words maintain upon the mind of the world. And after likening his own glory to the gilding of the dome of the "Invalids," "so dazzling at first, but growing daily more dim from the action of time and season," he thus concludes: "Such is the destiny of great men! Such has been that of Cæsar and Alexander, and we are forgotten! and the name of a conqueror, like that of an Emperor, is only a college theme! Our exploits fall under the ferule of a pedant, who insults or praises us."*

CONCLUSION.

In concluding those examples of the Napoleonic phrases, which I could wish I had less imperfectly classified, I should, perhaps, crave your pardon, not only for the manner in which I have performed my task, but for soliciting your attention to such a subject at all. I find that though the topic, even in better hands, might be a showy one, in any hands it can hardly be said to be a profitable one. The renown of such devastators, though it blazes as destructively as a bale-fire, unfortunately lures away the admiration like an *ignis fatuus*; and while the memory of brilliant deeds of bloodshed dazzle the fancy, feeble in its effect is the moral, that in the end we endeavour to deliver over the ashes of the fallen and miscalled hero. I can carry you back to the

* I believe there is a strong impression that those conversations, published by General Bertrand, or for him, were *doctored* in Paris. They certainly appear as though they had been touched up by an artistic hand.

3rd of May, in the year 1821, and throw open the door of the little apartment at Longwood, where, on a camp bed, lay the remains of "the great tragedian who for twenty years made the earth his theatre, and set the world in tears." I can point to the poor wasted corpse, shrouded in the uniform of the Chasseurs of the Guard, girt with sword and spurs, decorated with the cordons and crosses of the Legion of Honour and the Iron Crown, and covered with a blue cloak, which he wore on the battle-field of Marengo; and with all these martial trappings to furnish a text forcible as the winding-sheet of Saladin, I may say, what to yourselves is obvious, that—*this is all that remains of the mighty conqueror!* But still the vivid imagination, untamed and untaught, will recur to the magnificent antecedents of the dead, and the solemn lesson of his last moments be lost in the first florid recital of his living feats. Yet of all the warrior potentates of the world, we know from proof and experience, that the achievements which have lasted longest, and whose effects have been longest felt, are those which have been unstained by blood. Napoleon admitted the fact himself, though it made little impression upon his conduct. "The only true conquests which leave no regret to the victor, are those we obtain over ignorance," were his words in a letter to the President of the National Institute; and the saying is confirmed by fact, for while the limits of the French Empire, which he so widely expanded with the sword, contracted to their original dimensions long ere he was laid to rest under the willows in Slane's Valley, his great intellectual

work, the Code Napoleon, still remains comparatively unaltered, the boast of France, and the admiration of the world. It was a meaning sarcasm of his brother soldier, Moreau, when he called him "a conqueror at the cost of ten thousand men a day;" and oh! what a commentary on those trumpet-toned proclamations of his, was the solemn truth as told by the Municipal Council of Paris, in an address to the people, twelve months before his final defeat. "Why boast of his past victories; what good have these dreadful triumphs brought us? The hatred of other nations, the tears of our families. Our daughters forced to remain unmarried, our matrons plunged into premature widowhood. The despair of fathers and mothers, to whom there remains, out of a numerous progeny, the hand of an infant to close their eyes. Behold, these are the results of those victories." This is the reverse of that dazzling picture upon which the unsearching and admiring eye falls, and every one of those warlike tableaux have such a reality as opposed to their romance. In looking over Thiers' "History of the Consulate and the Empire," I was struck with a passage where he notices Napoleon's ascent of the Alps, on his invasion of Italy, and in which he dispels the sublime illusion which the superb picture of David has thrown over the person of the Emperor on that occasion. "Artists," says Monsieur Thiers, "have delineated him crossing the heights mounted on a fiery steed; while the plain truth is, that he ascended the St. Bernard in that gray surtout which he usually wore, upon a patient mule, cautiously led by a guide, a

peasant of that country."* It has occurred to me that warlike passages would lose much of their attractive splendour in men's eyes if the painter and historian were at times more truthfully commonplace ; for if the absence of the proud courser from the picture could have been thought calculated to impair its grandeur, how would it tend to disenchant the mind, if the horrors and sufferings of humanity attendant on the track of the ambitious conqueror, could always be introduced upon the same canvass which commemorates his miscalled glory. It was the conviction of this that made one of the best of the Roman Emperors, and the ablest of its warriors, exclaim, after a long series of victories, of which he appeared to have grown weary, that if he lived, there would be no longer need of soldiers in the Roman Empire.† I am not so sanguine as to expect the day

* Upon this poor man Napoleon's appearance and liberality made a great impression. Yet all he remembered of the First Consul's conversation was, that when shaking the wet from his hat, after a shower, he exclaimed, "I have spoiled my hat among your mountains ; but never mind, I shall find a new one on the other side." Perhaps Napoleon was ignorant that both Cæsar and Hannibal (as we learn on the authority of Suetonius and another) were in the habit of marching before their armies bareheaded, or (so great a copyist as he was of the antique) he might have laid less stress upon this piece of head-gear.

† This unguarded expression of Probus, proved fatal to him. "One of the hottest days in summer," says Gibbon, "as he severely urged the unwholesome labour of draining the marshes of Sirnium, the soldiers, impatient of fatigue, on a sudden threw down their tools, grasped their arms, and broke out into a furious mutiny. The Emperor, conscious of his danger, took refuge in a lofty tower, constructed for the purpose of surveying the progress of the work. The tower was instantly forced, and a thousand swords were plunged at once into the bosom of the unfortunate Probus. The rage of the troops subsided as soon as it had been gratified. They then lamented

when the armed bands of Europe will be dismissed to more useful occupations, as this same Emperor sent his legionary soldiers to reclaim the barren land ; but I do trust, menacing as are the clouds that overcast us now, that a time of wholesale desolations may never again come round, such as that amidst which he who has been called the "Bourgeois vengeur" moved the master-spirit of bloodshed, and whose career has been thus described by one of his own countrymen. "His aim," says Chateaubriand, "was universal dominion, and he gazed at it stedfastly with the eye of an eagle and the appetite of the vulture. He combined within himself all the elements of terror, nerve, malice, and intellect, a heart that never trembled, a mind that never wandered from its purpose. The Almighty appeared to have entrusted to him the destinies of the globe, and he used them to destroy ; he shrouded the sun with the clouds of battle, and unveiled the night with his fires. His march reversed the course of nature : the flowers of the spring perished, the fruits of autumn fell, for his track was cold and cheerless and desolate, like the withering wintry blast. Great he unquestionably was—great in the resources of a misguided spirit—great in the conception and execution of evil—great in mischief, like the pestilence—great in desolation, like the whirlwind."

Such were the practical results that flowed from the

their fatal rashness, forgot the severity of the Emperor, whom they had massacred, and hastened to perpetuate, by an honourable monument, the memory of his virtues and victories."

glory and renown of the so-called Great Napoleon. His imperial sceptre, like that of the first Cæsar, is now wielded by a nephew who has but to act consistently and with moral courage upon his own best apophthegm, and the age of Napoleon the Third will prove as benignly favorable to the interests of civilization as that of Augustus; for the foundation of all true human happiness is contained in a well-known phrase of the present French Emperor, which has more moral grandeur than all that were ever delivered by the first of his family—
“*L'Empire c'est la paix.*”

